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THE PACIFIC

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LOSS AND GAIN.

When I compare
What I have lost with what I have gained,
What I have missed with what attained,
Little room do I find for pride.

I am aware
How many days have been idly spent;
How like the arrow the good intent
Has fallen short or been turned aside.

But who shall dare
To measure loss and gain in this wise?
Defeat may be victory in disguise;
The lowest ebb is the turn of the tide.

—Longfellow.

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GOOD COMING OUT OF THE WAR IN EUROPE.

A few weeks ago we read a poem by Beatrice Barry entitled "Thor." It did not implant any ideas in the brain that were not already there, but it stirred some up mightily and they have been waltzing around all the while since. The poem was in part:

"I am the God of War—yea, God of Battle am I,
And the evil men speak about me has moved me to fierce reply.
Does not the surgeon's knife
Torture to save a life?
So, for the life of nations men learn to fight and die—Even die!

* * * * * * *

You who would grudge me aught but harvest of woe and shame,
Answer me, you who hate me, cursing my very name—
When was a serf made free
Save and alone through me?
When was a tyrant vanquished save through my purging flame?"

We do not like to think of God as a God of war, a God of Battles, and yet God seems to be in war and to bring good out of war that, in our short-sightedness at least, it appears could not have come in any other way. For instance, the war in our own country which resulted in the destruction of slavery. There doesn't appear to be the least ground for the belief that the slaves would in hundreds of years, if ever, have been freed in any other way.

As to the war now being waged in Europe, we have from its very beginning been profoundly impressed with the thought that great good was to come out of it—good which otherwise would have tarried for decades, perhaps hundreds of years. At different times expression has been given of this conviction in the columns of The Pacific. It it worthy of note that Ex-Senator Beveridge, in a recent book, expresses the conviction that no matter which side wins, the war is going to produce in all European countries "an immeasurable advance in democracy expressed in terms of collectivism." Mr. Beveridge's investigations have led him to cease looking on this war as a contest between absolutism and democracy. He is of opinion that many of the emergency laws to which England has been forced to overcome the weakness of too much individualism will be continued after the war shall have ended. Some of his words are:

"The principle which runs through all of them is Government control of fundamentals for the common good. They are fruits of the community spirit quickly ripened by the heated atmosphere of war. Nor will any Government, without protest, be able to take that fruit from the people after the millions of soldiers go back to the plow and the anvil. * * * It is not extravagant to say that time may show that the war marked the passage of an old economic dispensation and the coming of a new social and industrial period."

It is especially worthy of note that a leading statesman in Austria made the statement last week that it was highly probable that some of the emergency acts in that country would be continued after the war. They were thoroughly socialistic, and of course would not be regarded as good by extreme individualists. But very many persons are rapidly getting away from the idea that a measure or plan found to be servicable or actually essential in time of war would not be just as valuable in time of peace. "But," says the objector, "in time of war the life of the nation is endangered." So is it in time of peace, though in a different way. Always must the solidarity of life be kept in view, and the state or nation held of no worth save as it ministers to the people, and men and women and children be regarded as of as much value in time of peace as in war or national foundations will totter and fall.

Any one who will study carefully the pages of history and the signs of the times must be optimistic even while this awful carnage is going on in Europe.

The sins of individuals and nations are working out their fearful consequences, and a new era is near for mankind. "Yes," says some reader of The Pacific, "German militarism is going to be laid low and the way opened up for the golden age for all mankind."

If the people of this country, and of Great Britain too, who have that notion in their brains will get it out quickly and will see and admit the truth—that the sins of others as well as the sins of the Germans have come up to God's judgment seat, the end of the war will be in sight.

Long time during our civil war Abraham Lincoln stood in darkness and doubt. His paramount object was to save the union. God's paramount object seems, in the light of history, to have been to free the slaves. When President Lincoln finally read God's mind and acted accordingly by sending forth the Emancipation Proclamation the tide of war began to turn in favor of the North.

If the people of this country will cease saying in blindness to the British people those things which lead them to forget or to gloss most glaringly the causes of the war, and to lay all blame on Germany, influences will be working soon that will end the fearful slaughter, and end it in such a manner as to further righteousness all around the world.

We said it a year ago, and we repeat it, that the conflict was irrepressible; that it grew out of courses of national conduct that made it as inevitable as the ever-growing acorn makes the oak.

Shall we rule God out of the world? If not, how can we conceive of a victory, which would be fruitful of any good, coming to any of the warring nations until they have learned more of the lesson of brotherhood and are more ready to bend their wills to practice it?

Not long ago a British sympathizer in this country paraphrazed, and used with reference to Germany and Belgium, Lincoln's words concerning our civil war: "If God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled up by the bondsman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash

shall be paid with another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, "The Judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.' "

It was a travesty by an ignorant or uninformed mind to make those classic words apply to a retribution on Germany for her wrongs on Belgium, with utter disregard of the fact that the other nations also are paying an equally frightful penalty for something done by them.

It is this deadly blindness that we have deprecated and continue to deprecate. With only now and then an exception the people of the warring nations continue after a year of awful slaughter and no decisive results to affirm that they have no responsibility for the war. And so again we ask, How can a righteous God or even a power in the world that makes for righteousness bring victory, a victory out of which good would come, until they who guide the courses of the nations are brought to see that the war is rooted in a selfishness which will curse the world so long as men are controlled by it?

It is because God means that good shall result from this war that it has not been possible as yet for any man in any nation to say to his people in such a manner as to inspire confidence: "Be strong and undismayed; for there are more with us than with him; with him is an arm of flesh, but with us is the Lord our God to help us and to fight our battles."

THE SIGNIFCANCE AND VALUE OF THE REPORT OF THE INDUSTRIAL COMMISSION.

It is quite difficult to estimate aright the report of the Industrial Commission from the fragments thus far given to the public. Evidently there are conflicting findings and conclusions therefrom, and when the report is published in full considerable sifting will be necessary before much good, if any, can come from it.

The group of commissioners appointed to represent the employers made a very significant admission of something already widely known and their admission serves therefore only to clinch the fact. Their brief statement reads:

"We are free to admit that the investigations made by the commission have made it plain that some employers have been guilty of much wrongdoing. There has been an abundance of testimony to prove to our satisfaction that some employers have resorted to questionable methods to prevent their workers from organizing in their own self-interest; that they have attempted to defeat democracy courts or legislatures; that some of them have exploited women and children and unorganized workers; that some of them have resorted to all sorts of methods to prevent the enactment of remedial industrial legislation; that some have employed gunmen in strikes, who were disreputable characters; that some have exploited prison labor at the expense of free labor; that some have been contract breakers with labor; that some have deliberately bribed representatives of labor. There is, therefore, no gainsaying the fact that labor had many grievances and that it is thoroughly justified in organizing and in spreading organization in order better to protect itself against exploitation and oppression."

On the other hand the full report sets forth many wrongs on the part of organized labor. Accordingly it will depend on the people themselves whether any great good shall result from all this expenditure of time and money.

Whether justified or not there is a wide-spread impression that Chairman Walsh's lack of judicial poise, so manifest wherever he went, will operate greatly to render uninfluential much of the work of the Commission.

But beyond doubt it will emphasize the fact that there is a great inequality in the sharing of the profits of industry and increase the feeling that something **must** be done to make this more equable.

The report which was prepared by Mr. Manly, the Commission's director of research and investigation, and which was signed by Messrs. Weinstock, Ballard, and Aishton, says:

"The crux of the question is, Have the workers received a fair share of the enormous increase in wealth which has taken place in this country during the past quarter century as a result largely of their labors? The answer is: Emphatically no!"

Declaring that the "wage earners" share of the net product of industry in the case of manufacturers was only 40.2 per cent. in 1909 as compared with 44.9 per cent. in 1899," it is stated to be evident from investigation that "a large part of our industrial population are, as a result of the combination of low wages and unemployment, living in a condition of actual poverty."

Daily and weekly earnings of 619,595 employees of all classes, "in our basic manufacturing industries and in coal mining" are discussed in the report as well as "information regarding the income and living conditions of 15,726 families" with this comment:

"The figures show conclusively that between one-half and two-thirds of these families were living below the standards of decent subsistence, while about one-third were living in a state which can be described only as abject poverty."

Among the recommendations of the report is one which states that every workman should be compensated sufficiently to support in comfort himself and a wife and at least three minor children; and in addition to provide for sickness, old age, or disability. And it is stated that such a wage is not now received by one-half of the nation's workers.

Chairman Walsh made an absurd suggestion—that an inheritance tax confiscatory of all accumulations above a million dollars be levied. Neither that nor a large surplus income tax would remedy the difficulty. What is needed is not that money after it is accumulated should be thus taken by the state. That would not help the average man or woman to any appreciable extent. The decrease of a few pennies in taxation for each one and money to be used in great public works so as to give the unemployed employment would not help in the least the man who is now unable one a few hundred dollars a year to support his family decently.

No! let the nation see to it that the profits of labor go directly and immediately, week by week into the pockets of the working man and woman, after capital has had a reasonable share, **and only a reasonable share.** We've got to devise some day a plan on which this can be done. The sooner we do it the better will it be for all the people—the capitalist as well as the workman.

We notice that Mr. George W. Perkins, the New York financier, has said that as to this matter "the Commission did not get down to fundamentals." "It devoted itself principally to the expenditure of wealth already created, and almost lost sight of the great problem, which is the creation and distribution of new wealth.

"If it had sent a sub-committee to Germany and studied industrial conditions there it might have started from the proper basis—from the point of view of production, rather than of methods for passing around created wealth in a way that savors of charity."

Mr. Perkins refers to the profit sharing, not the bonus system, which was adopted by the United States Steel Company and says: "If at the beginning of the year an employer calls to his men and says: "We made so much money last year. This year, if we pull together, we ought to make so much more. If we do a certain portion of the sum is to be divided among you. Now let's all get busy and see what we can do. Go to it.' The employees then receive rewards from the creation of new wealth and work more contentedly on that account."

However we do not believe that Mr. Perkins or the United States Steel Company has suggested the remedy for the unrest among the working people. Such a profit sharing will never satisfy. The toiler will continue to feel that he isn't getting his share, in industry after industry, and will press and press for more until capital will not have enough left to justify continuance. Our own conviction is that we shall not stop short of an industrial democracy—industries owned and worked co-operatively by the working people themselves. Either this or socialism.

More equality! There is something in man, divinely implanted, which is pushing all the world that way.

A SIGNIFICANT UTTERANCE FROM A SAN FRANCISCO PULPIT.

Last Sunday evening the Rev. Dr. Aked reviewed the report of the Commission on Industrial Relations and put forth some views which a few years ago would not have been listened to with complacency by very many of the business men in our land. But today people of all classes realize that there is something radically wrong in our industrial life and that we must face the fact and find a remedy.

The persons who can live contentedly in comparative luxury, or even in comfort, while thousands all around them are unable to live decently at all because of their small wage, and other thousands are on the verge of starvation, are growing fewer in number every year. And very soon none of them will be left; they will either change their natures or pass on to the other plane of existence.

The declaration made by Dr. Aked to the fifteen hundred people gathered there from all parts of the country was in substance, and based on God's word: You shall not glory in a social order in which the race is to the swift, the battle to the strong; shall not selfishly take to yourself an undue share of the profits of men's labor, nor take your ease and be happy while men and women and children around you are ground down by exploiters and live deprived of every means of expression and development. And the call was for the people to arise and create an atmosphere which would no longer hold in honor any offender. Yes, more than that—the call was to rebuild society on the basis of brotherhood.

"WHAT THE WORLD WILL BE AFTER THE WAR."

Dr. Elmer Ellsworth Brown, formerly of the University of California, now Chancellor of the University of New York, spoke in Berkeley last week on the words which form the caption of this article. He said in part:

"We have been told that this war is the greatest turning point in civilization in many centuries, but if we study history we will discover that possibly since the middle ages there have been two or three equally momentous cataclysms. The Reformation in the sixteenth century tore old ideas from their roots and rent the world. In the seventeenth century there were the English revolution and the Thirty Years war and it looked as if civilization was going out in utter ruin. In the eighteenth century the French Revolution and the Napoleonic wars convinced people that civilization was being turned down as if by hot ploughshares.

"And we all know the reaction that followed these cataclysms. The French revolution and the Napoleonic wars that promised so much for the betterment of man were followed by the depression and reaction of the first four decades of the nineteenth century. I am afraid that this twentieth century will lose much that the nineteenth enjoyed and won. The law of progress is not steady but rather a thing of long stretches of growth with great and violent unheavals, the progress of long ages sometimes being anticipated in a convulsion that brings about a new order in a brief time.

"There is going to be great disappointment for us if we expect an immediate realization of a new and better world following the war. It will not put an end to combat and strife. There will probably be greater conflict and strife than even now but it is to be hoped it will not take as destructive a form as just now. No man can contemplate such a destructive struggle as that in Europe going on for long, but there will be great work for strong men yet to be done.

"The call of the new age in this country at least will be more strenuous and intense. The discipline that has been invoked to such advantage in this war will be applied to all the activities of our society, just as educationalists have dreamed of. Our whole fabric of civilization will become more machine like.

"This application of discipline may mass men against war just as they are now massed for war. We see this tendency in the plans for a league of nations to prevent war, outlined at the recent meeting in Independence Hall in Philadelphia. The declaration of that meeting has been called by Editor Norman Holt of the New York Independent a "declaration of interdependence." Nations will not be obliged to build up great armaments because if attacked they will have the assistance of all other nations against an ambitious and quarrelsome neighbor.

Socialism vs. Anarchy.

"Out of this war will come a phenomenally rapid growth of Socialism and opposed to it will be an intense and aggressive development of the individualistic idea, typified in what might be called anarchism. The conflict between the two will be bitter and long, but I believe that the dreams of both may be harmonized in the end.

"And following that will come an incurably religious world. There will be revivals, possibly not recognized as such by the traditionalists, but they will be efforts of men to interpret life more spiritually, to grasp the idea that there is a greater law than what they can invoke, that beyond the organized world there is a higher world in which lies the hope of the race for working out its greater destiny, in closer touch with the infinite. And men will be given the opportunity here to develop what is best in them and the means to find out what is this best. And every man will be encouraged to become a leader among his fellows in those qualities that are best in him to lead men.

"Progress in the past has been made at fearful and awful cost, but I believe that after the war there will be many new discoveries, and chief among them the discovery by man of a higher conception of his power for good to his fellow man. Service to humanity will become an intense devotion in the not far distant future. There may be a

period of reaction after the catacylsm, in fact, there is sure to be, but the changes that will come will be great and far reaching and the most momentous in the history of the world."

THE PROPHETS AND THE WAR.

Herbert Thurston, an English Jesuit, has made a study of the so-called prophecies bearing on the European war, with the result of discrediting nearly all of them. He expresses the personal belief that "there have been and are many persons to whom a knowledge of the future is imparted in ways that transcend our comprehension." However, he adds "that this knowledge ever extends to the foreseeing of political events of general interest is very difficult to establish by evidence."

Of the many so-called predictions which Mr. Thurston has examined he finds one only which "seems to retain the least semblance of intrinsic probability." Almost all were judged by him to be either palpable frauds manufactured after the events which they pretended to predict or good guesses from the evident trend of events.

The one which does impress him is recorded in a biography of "Sister Mary," a Carmelite nun, written in 1887 by the late Lady Herbert . In a state of religious ecstasy, "Sister Mary" at a time before 1878,—for she passed into the other life in that year—made utterances which seem to have foretold a great war in the pontificate of Benedict XV, the present pope. The statements in the biography are that St. Elias appeared to her and said:

"Our present Holy Father is a saint. After him shall come another like no other; he shall suffer much from the hands of his enemies. The third Holy Father shall be the Seraphic. The fourth—alas! alas! there is, and shall be, no cross like the one he will carry! But the Church will begin to triumph under the rule of this Holy Father, and after his death completely."

Later on she seemed to have a still wider insight into the future. Again, she saw the black cloud, very thick, but covering not only France but the whole of Europe. Then there were fearful wars convulsing every part of Europe; and when they were over only the fourth part of men remained; the rest had all perished in the struggle. "At that time," she said, "the priests will be few in number, for they will have died for the faith or in defense of their country. There will be sorrow and mourning everywhere till God's anger is appeased."

Mr. Thurston is deeply impressed by the reference to priests dying in defense of their countries, being of opinion that there was nothing so far back as 1878 to lead any one to think in the ordinary way that a time would ever come when the clergy would have to take part in battle. However, after all the impressive features are weighed calmly, the author does not presume to hold this utterance and European events in 1915 as anything more than a remarkable concidence.

We have not seen Father Thurston's book, but a trustworthy review of it states that he has handled a large number of these so-called predictions of our own time in a critical spirit akin to that in which Dr. Dollinger handled those of the middle ages.

THE GALLERIES OF THE EXPOSITION.

A Critical Review of the Paintings, Statuary, and Graphic Arts in the Palace of Fine Arts, by Professor Neuhaus of the University of California.

"In an introductory note Professor Neuhaus says: "I do not believe the art exhibition needs any apologies. Its general character is such as to fully satisfy the standards of former international expositions." He proceeds then to such an analysis from the view-point of the artist and the critic as to bring the uninitiated layman to the conclusion that a lot of rubbish has found its way into the art galleries of the Exposition. However, he remarks that "it is not to be expected that all pictures exhibited, should be of a superior kind." But, on the other hand: "It is certainly no small task to enjoy a large exhibit like ours and to preserve ones peace of mind." But Professor Neuhaus is an artist and an art critic, and he makes allowance for the average man and woman thus: "It is unfortunately true that the majority of people are not at all interested in the technical procedure of the making of the picture, but wholly in the subject matter. If this be pleasing the picture is apt to be declared a success. The artist on the other hand, and to my mind very justly, looks primarily for what he calls good painting, and a simple statement of these two points of view explains a great deal of very deplorable friction between the artist and the willing and enthusiastic layman who is constantly discouraged by finding that his artist friend greets his pet canvas with a cynical smile."

With the readers of The Pacific brought thus to an understanding with the author, we dip into the book.

In the French galleries there is a painting which has come to be popularly known as the "Green Madonna." It has attracted large attention. It took a grand prize at Paris, which Professor Neuhaus says "will always remain one of those mysteries with which the world is laden." His judgment is that "of all disagreeable colour schemes it is certainly one of the least appealing ever put upon a canvas." "It is hardly a scheme at all, since I do not believe the juxtaposition of so many different shiny greens, nowhere properly relieved nor accentuated by a complementary red, can ever be called a scheme." He adds: "Technically speaking, the canvas, is well painted, but it is hardly worthy of the attention its size and subject win."

The author has considerable to say about the pitfall of genre painting, but states that "Breaking Home Ties" redeems the entire school. Here the art critic and the layman come together, for Professor Neuhaus says of this painting: "Irrespective of the fact that it is a picture very popular with the large public by reason of its sentimental appeal, it is well painted, and it will always be considered a good painting. It is devoid of color, in the sense of the modern painter, but its very fluent and simple character recommends it highly." Of the artist who produced it, Thomas Hovenden, he says he was "a master of his trade."

In a note concerning Homer Martin's appeal in two big landscapes on the walls of one of the galleries Professor Neuhaus gets in one of his strokes at the great conglomeration in the galleries, remarking that Martin's

pictures "suffer in an exhibition which is after all as much of a specimen show of conflicting varieties as a display of canned goods in the Food Palace." As to these landscapes the words are that though the appeal may not be immediate, yet "a serious contemplation of these big and noble landscapes will make them reassuringly sympathetic."

In a consideration of the paintings by Sargent our author says of the two out-door studies, the "Syrian Goats" and the "Spanish Stable": "There is nothing like them in the exhibition anywhere, and these two things alone make up for what is really not a comprehensive display of one of the greatest of modern living painters."

The best picture by Henry Joseph Breur is said to be "Santa Inez Mountains"—" a faithful study of a most difficult subject and very successful in its big feeling despite the introduction of great detail."

The author's judgment is that really great pictures of the Yellowstone, the Grand Canyon, and the lofty mountain-tops still remain to be painted. In this connection it is remarked concerning the painters of the Great West that "their artistic careers were as spectacular as their subjects; stirred by the marvelous tales of the great scenic wonders of the West, they heroically threw themselves into a task that no artist could possibly master."

"We shall never tire," it is said of such canvases as "The Coming Storm" and "The Clouded Sun," and the limpid pastorals, by Wyant. "They maintain their position as classics."

Metcalf's "Blossom Time," is found to reveal the most poetic of our modern American painters. "This canvas gives one more thrills than almost all the others by the same man—good as the are."..."The man who bought it made a good investment. In ten years it will be worth its weight in gold, including the frame."

Glocken's "Woman with Apple" is mentioned as "absolutely absurd and vulgar beyond description." Mrs. Sargent's Mount Tamalpais, "unusual in composition and rich in colour."

Thus far we have given attention mainly to the United States exhibits. We turn to those of other nations.

Of the French representation, Professor Neuhaus says that it deserves much credit for a great number of reasons, not least for an astounding versality, always accomplished by technical excellence. We have quoted him already concerning the "Green Madonna." In the French section is to be found a painting which he holds as one of the great assets of the French exhibit, and in his judgment one of the great pictures of the entire exhibition. It is a Desch portrait of a little girl in empire costume, and appeals by its genuinely original design.

The conclusion is as to the Italian galleries that while there are certain groups of pictures of a very high order, the general standard is not so high as in the French department.

Clever as the landscapes in the Tito gallery are technically, the thought is that they do not convince and do not reflect a thorough knowledge of the spirit of outdoors. Better ones are found in the Ciarde group in another gallery. Attention is called to Montessi's big imaginative architectural study as something to be much appreciated, and something which crystallizes the visitor's opinion of the general excellence of Italy's contribution.

Of the Swedish exhibit which has a distinct national character the author says: "I cannot help expressing my personal conviction that it is the best national section in the whole exhibition, showing as it does, not merely easel painting, but also many splendid examples of so-called applied art, which often permits one to get a deeper insight into the standard of art of a people than easel painting alone. It is true that certain examples of painting in the French or American sections are more appealing to us, but in the light of the national characteristics of the people and the country, Swedish art has a very definite quality, consistently shown."

To those who seem to find a certain physical brutality in Swedish art, Professor Neuhaus says that he should like to point out that the most delicate pictures in the entire exhibition—those of John Baur—are the chief asset of the Swedish exhibit.

Bruno Liljefors' canvas of the nine wild swans is declared to be a truly great picture and a rythmic masterpiece. "The placing of these graceful swans is marvelously well studied from the view of design, yet none the less does an expression of reality animate these divine birds."

Of other pictures by the same artist it is said: "The flock of wild geese standing in the shallow water of a stony beach, carries all the conviction of being well studied... The eagles and the sea-gulls are scarcely as interesting as the swans. Liljefors is never better than when he depicts flying birds—and fly they do. There is never any doubt about it. Those swans are actually in the air and moving!"

"Sunny April Day" by Herman Lindquist, is regarded as having unusual poetic claim, and Schultzberg's big sunlit winter scenes justify their increasing popularity.

While the Swedish section is found to be full of thrills, the Dutch, that of Holland, is one of complacency.

In Germany's modest exhibit, Zugel's cattle picture is singled out as a canvas of the first order by one whose fame has penetrated all lands. "The silvery light of a summer morning, filtering through over hanging willow-trees upon the backs of a few Holstein cows, is full of life."

The exhibits of several other nations have presentation. But we turn again to those from our own country.

In considering the paintings by Whistler the author notes the fascination in the subtle appeal in the portrait of Mrs. Milicent Cobden, and remarks: "This quality of subtlety is the one attribute which makes his work so beloved by the artist and so difficult of understanding for the layman, who, try as he may, is not equipped with sufficient technical insight to do Whistler's paintings full justice."

Of Keith it is remarked: "Keith must not be looked upon as a painter of nature, nor even an interpreter of nature. He used landscapes simply to express an ever-changing variety of personal emotions."

Of the Duveneck collection it is said that if brought together permanently, as we are fortunate enough to see it temporarily here in San Francisco, it would become the Mecca of all painters who want to refresh their memories as to what constitutes real painting."

The Chase collection is found "to give a good idea of the career of this most useful of all American painters who in an astonishingly active life has been the teacher, friend, and counselor to hundreds of the younger people in the field of art." His "Woman with the White Shawl" is called "a classic."

The book contains thirty full page illustrations and a floor plan map of the Palace of Fine Arts.

Among the illustrations are: "Blue Depths", from

a painting by William Ritschel; "The Procession," from painting by Ettore Tito; "In the Rhine Meadow," by Heinrich von Zugel; "The Dreamer," from painting by Edmund C. Tarbell; "Whistling Boy", by Duveneck; "Eucalypti, Berkeley Hills," by Eugen Neuhaus.

Paul Elder and Company, Publishers, San Francisco, $1.50 net.

"SCULPTURE OF THE EXPOSITION PALACES AND COURTS."

The new book by Juliet James, with the foregoing title, is one of permanent as well as present value. It will help to an understanding and appreciation of the Exposition sculpture, and will preserve in desirable form fine photographic representations of many of the most interesting and beautiful pieces. Our judgment is that it will continue for some time after the Exposition as a gift book. There are 34 illustrations, among the number being: The Genius of Creation, Primitive Man, Thought, The Survival of the Fittest, The Pegasus Panel, The Rising Sun, Descending Night, The Mother of Tomorrow, The Pioneer, The End of the Trail, The Adventurous Bowman, Victory.

The interpretative notes of course are brief. We quote as to a few of the sculptures.

As to the "Survival of the Fittest" Mrs. James writes: "This is the initial expression of Martial Spirit, when the first combat is seen and man by physical force seeks to over-ride the power of his fellows. Far back in the childhood of history one finds, as often today is the case, that woman is the motive of the fray. Three combatants are here—the one on the right separated from the most powerful by the hand of her who loves him. The cause of the trouble stands at the left, steadfastly watching to see which of those that seek her is to be the victor."

From the one hundred and fifty words on "Primitive Man" we take these: "Long ages past I lived and gave no thought of time or doing aught save going as my fancy took me... A simple man was I, with not too many thoughts, and only few desires. My body was my foremost daily thought, and little cared I for aught else besides."

As to "The Mother of Tomorrow" Mrs. James says: "With upturned face, with stealy onward gaze, the stalwart Mother of Tomorrow moves ahead. Hers is the firm, determined purpose, the will to do—to accomplish that for which she has started. She marches ahead of the types of the Occident. It has taken all these types, striving with common purpose, to produce the future, therfore they form the Mother of Tomorrow, the matrix from which the future generations are to come."

Of the figure, "Descending Night," Mrs. James says it is "a beautiful lyric poem." Every line is musical, every move suggested is rythmical. "Seen at night she croons you a slumber song.... The muscles are all lax, the head is drooping, the arms are closing in around the face, the wings are folding; the knees are bending—and she too will soon sink to slumber with the world in her arms."

Many persons as they gaze on the panels of the Column of Progress, which is crowned by the Adventurous Bowman, will be glad to read even if only to bring to mind vividly what they dimly knew that "the four columns show the different mental conditions of men on their onward march through life."

In the center of the panel pictured in this book, we are told stands the man of inspiration—the eagle bird of inspiration perched on his shoulders. "He goes through life with upturned face, depending upon his God for strength. Beside him on the right is seen the warrior who wins his way by physical strength. On his left stands the ascetic philosopher who through constant vigils 'hath a lean and hungry look,' To the extreme left falteringly steps the man who fears the unknown future; his wife and mother sustain him by spiritual cheer."

In an appendix there are biographical notes concerning the sculptors and a line or two concerning all the sculpture around the Fine Arts Lagoon.

Mrs. James says in a "foreword": "The sculpture has vitalized the whole marvelous Exposition. It is not an accessory, as has been the sculpture of previous expositions, but it goes hand in hand with the architecture, poignantly existing for its own sake and adding greatly to the decorative architectural effects." Arthur Hoeber is quoted as saying: "The influence of sculpture is far-reaching ....It opens an avenue for the expression of aesthetic enjoyment somewhere between poetry and music and akin to drama." The author's suggestion is: "Let us see to it, in San Francisco, that a few of these work, are made permanent." This book will for long help to keep many of them in the minds of those who have seen them.

H. S. Crocker Company, San Francisco, $1.25 net.

MAKING DISCIPLES.

This is the supreme calling of the churches of Christ as set forth by their Divine Commander, to "make disciples of all nations," his parting charge, our marching orders! They cover all the earth, they reach to every nation. But this world-wide conquest is to be made by dealing with individuals one by one. If we should read it as in the old version, "teach all nations," we might possibly conceive it as a sort of wholesale work, as when a teacher delivers his lecture to a class of fifty or one hundred, but read it as in the Revision, according to the Master's real intent, and it must be individual service, for no disciple of Christ was ever made except through some sort of personal persuasion, human or divine, and in most cases both human and divine. A person decides to be a disciple on terms laid down by the great Teacher himself: "Whosoever he be of you that renounceth not all that he hath, he cannot be my disciple." The action is to be individual. It cannot be otherwise in the very nature of the case. And at Pentecost when three thousand persons were baptized in one day, they were baptized one by one, because only as they repented one by one could they be counted as Christ's disciples.

Well, "This," some one says, "is the old, familiar doctrine. Who is disputing it? If none are disputing it, I greatly fear that many are ignoring it,—conduct more dangerous, if not more wicked, than the disputing would be. It seems to me that no one can be blind to the facts that the appeal to repent, to turn from self and sin and to make one's peace with a pardoning God, this appeal, I say, earnest, persuasive, pressed with such urgency as the facts of the case call for, rarely is heard in our churches.

Does some one ask how I have been led to this impression? Of late I have been myself a listener quite often and in many places, and I don't hear it. But if this were all, I would be silent about it. I have been study-

ing the results of our preaching, my brethren, and the burden on my heart grows heavy. Look with me at the statistics of our Congregational churches as found in our Year Book. Take the last five years, from 1910 to 1914 inclusive. You will find that the number of members in our churches grew from 735,563 to 763,182, an increase of 27,619. This is three and three-fourths per cent in five years, or three-fourths of one per cent per annum on the average. The population of our country increases on the average about two and one-half per cent per annum, —three times as fast as our membership increases. If other denominations did no better than we, what would become of our country? How long before it would practically pagan,—without God and without hope in the world? Thank God that they are doing better than we! On the whole the roll of those added to the Lord lengthened faster than that of those added to our citizenship. But we have the sin and the shame of thus lagging far behind.

What hinders us? We have for the most part well-appointed church buildings, well educated ministers, intelligent congregations, and a fellowship one with another as sweet and brotherly as can be found in any nation-wide group of churches.

Take cases close at home: Last year among the twelve Congregational churches in San Francisco, it was the Chinese one that received on confession the largest number—36, and next to that was the First, with sixteen. In 1913, 37 were thus added, more than twice as many as any other church received. Certainly this was not because of better preaching or better service of song or more attractive social advantages or better material to work upon. I know that it was not because entrance to the church was made easier than our Lord himself made it, or than is customary in other churches. The creed of this church, while free from any sectarian shiboleths, states clearly the essential truths of the Gospel. Its covenant calls for absolute consecration to Christ carried out in the essentials of true Christian character. I think that there is an uncommonly close and faithful watch-care of each other, and I cannot see how any one could come into that church as a cozy, sleepy lodging-house for the spirit. It does not hestitate to bring its members to the pocket test, and subscription books seem to be in circulation most if not all of the time. It was credited in our last Year Book with $1050 raised for benevolent purposes, of which $973 was for the missions supported by our Chinese brethren in South China through their own missionary society, though in close affiliation with the mission of our American Board. It is not because it has made the way into the church easy that it has led our churches in San Francisco at so great distance. It is because while making itself felt in all efforts for social or community righteousness, its main effort, its supreme end in view, is the making of disciples to Jesus its Teacher and Head. I think it is not too much to say that there is there a constant watching for souls. For more than two years, and I think for three years, there has been no communion season without baptisms and the welcome of the church to new-born souls.

How much more would a like zeal for this one thing accomplish in the other churches! I have not written for the sake of glorifying a mission church. The Master knows full well how conscious our brethren are of shortcomings. But it is an example close at hand, one with which I am personally familiar and know whereof I affirm. Its percentage of increase for one year is 13 per cent against an average in all our churches of ¾ of 1 per cent. No doubt there are many American churches that reach an equal percentage. Why should not all of them do it? I have suggested one reason: they have forgotten the Captain's marching order,—busy here and there, but forgetting the main thing to which our Saviour calls us; seeking and saving the lost. W. C. P.

HOW THE GERMANS ARE MAKING USE OF WAR PRISONERS.

Seven hundred thousand prisoners have been at work for some time in the fields, and on the roads and railroads. A correspondent writes from Berlin: "They are the kind of men Germany needs. She needs rough workers. Skilled directorate she has. Half of the prisoners come from the Black Earth provinces of central Russia; they are used to growing rye, the chief German crop, and are used to much the same farming conditions. Last September the imperial government foresaw that great numbers of prisoners would be taken, and it decided to use them in the way most profitable. It asks every prisoner where he comes from, and what was his occupation. The facts are registered by a central office. A register is kept of the condition of the labor supply in every part of the empire in every industry. A farming center reports that it is short of labor. A day later down come half a dozen foremen carpenters and metal workers; with them a hundred Russians under guard.

"The Russians are all good men at working wood; they can do with an adze work for which a German requires half a dozen tools. Under German leading, they make a prisoner's fenced compound, convert houses and barns into sleeping quarters, and run up sheds. Within a week the carpenters and woodworkers have been sent elsewhere; instead of them come a couple of hundred moujik farmhands. They are under three or four sentries. The prisoners are docile, make little trouble, and seldom run away. Every morning they leave their compound and go in twos, threes and fours to different farms, work all day, and return for the roll-call in the evening. When farm work is done, the prisoners are sent back to a central camp or they go to some other farm. The foremen carpenters and metal workers come again; the camp is dismantled, and the materials are re-erected elsewhere.

Germany will get rich on her prisoners. It is estimated that the gain per prisoner will be $150 a head, which makes for all the prisoners $150,000,000. It would cost Germany twice as much money as that to hire labor of equal productive value, and under present war conditions we could not get the labor. Professor Fischer says: 'If in the coming year we take a million prisoners we shall carry on all our agricultural work with ease, and in addition we shall restart many of our factories. The war will become relatively easy. We shall have a surplus of food, and more manufactured goods than we want. We shall in fact be able to heap up manufactured goods for transport abroad when the war ends.'

Social and Political Effect.

Prisoners, Fischer says, are having a remarkable social and political effect upon the country and upon themselves.

The German farmers get on well with the Russian. The Russians, with Slav facility, adapt themselves quickly to German labor; their good humor and frank ways make them liked, and they learn to speak German. At night they meet in their barns, and, in presence of wonder-eyed peasants, dance their wild dances. German maids look on and pity the captives. There are some romances. About a hundred prisoners have applied for permission to marry farm girls and daughters of farmers, and to become German subjects. Most of these Russians are educated non-commissioned officers, or they are Baltic province Germans, German-speaking Letts, or German farmer-colonists, Russian subjects from the southern steppes and the north slopes of the Caucasus. There are nearly 20,000 Russian prisoners to whom German is the mother tongue or one of two mother tongues. These are sent with the farm-labor gangs to act as interpreters. The ministry of war has not granted any of the marriage petitions. There is no love sentiment about German war making. A couple of German-speaking Esths from near Reval eloped with their German maids. Before being caught they found a priest who married them. The brides and bridegrooms were separated, and the bridegrooms sent back to the compound.

Effect on Russia.

Thoughtful men speculate on the effect for Russia of having a million of her citizens in Germany and Austria, countries where the economical level, the standard of wages and other conditions are entirely different from those of their home country. What will the half-Germanized moujik do when he gets back to Russia? After the wars with Napoleon, the Frenchified Russian officers came home discontented with conditions in Russia, and 10 years after Napoleon's fall they started a revolution against Czar Nicholaus I. A million Russians, Germanized, and used to semisocialist Germany, will have a queer influence on Russia's home affairs.

Some Germans, for this reason, don't want the Russians to go back. The prisoners will bring back German education and technical efficiency, and they will help to turn Russia into a more dangerous country for Germany than she is today. They will give Russia the stimulus to internal reconstruction, which alone can make of Russia a really strong military power. Why, ask some Germans, not Germanize the prisoners, and keep them?

The landowners are asking themselves how they will manage after the war. Many German laborers will have been killed; there will be tremendous demand for labor to repair damage done; probably the army will be increased; there will be few seasonable laborers from Austria, and probably none from Russia. "Why not keep the prisoners?" Herr Deicheln, who has worked out the most elaborate plan, says that if Germany wins one of the conditions of peace will be that the prisoners shall be allowed to choose whether to become Germans and stay in Germany or return to Russia. The prisoners could be settled by the state on farms bought from the families of soldier farmers killed in the war. The prisoners could bring their families from Russia. Nearly all of the reservists are married. "This," writes Deicheln, "will not spoil Germanic blood. The North Germans are mostly Slav by blood; within two hours of Berlin are still Slavs speaking a Slav dialect. The Russians are our kinsmen by blood. The German nation, which is two-thirds industrialized, would gain by the mixture of healthy peasant blood. The Russians when educated are mentally not inferior to us, and they have certain mystcal qualities of brain and temperament which would correct the present trend to materialism. If the Russians go home they will bring to Russia half the secrets of our success; they will transform the face of Russia, and make it the most formidable power in the world."

HOW THE BRITISH CONGREGATIONALIST VIEWED THE WAR AT THE END OF THE FIRST YEAR.

It will interest many of our readers doubtless to read the view of the British Congregationalist of the war at the end of the first year. That paper for August said editorially:

"We are now within a few days of the completion of the first year of this great war, and it may be well to look back for a moment to see what the year has brought us. We must confess that from the military point of view it has brought us considerable disappointment. Most of those even who accepted the estimate of the experts that the war would last for three years hoped and expected that by this time the German army would have been forced to relinquish their hold upon some portion, if not the whole of Belgium and that valuable piece of French territory now in their possession, and that the great Russian army would have steadily pushed forward to a point nearer Berlin than its own frontier. The position on both the Eastern and the Western fronts is unsatisfactory. The first year of the war has taken a heavy toll in lives and in money, and we are nowhere in sight of final victory. That the disillusionment and disappointment of Germany is greater than ours, and that her losses have been far heavier, is undoubted, but for the moment it does not concern us. Whatever Germany may have failed to do, we had hoped for a better position at the end of the year than we have secured, and we have to look forward to still greater sacrifices of flesh and blood and of money in the future. But while we refuse to be blindly optimistic, we are far from being pessimistic. We have still a great faith in the power of the unbroken, though badly harassed, Russian army. We do not believe that the situation on the Western front is a permanent stalemate. We have confidence in our military leaders, and believe that at the right moment our new armies will be poured in at the right spot and the whole aspect of the conflict be changed. But our eyes are fixed just now neither on the Eastern nor on the Western front, but further east, whence are to come the 'new Allies' to whom the Prime Minister has referred. It is not only the bravery of our men that will eventually win for us the victory, but diplomatic negotiations, the success of which is rooted in confidence in the final triumph of the Allies and full appreciation of the world situation which would be created by the dominance of militaristic Germany. And as time goes on we are realising more vividly that back of the men and the munitions it is the silver bullet that will win the war, and therefore that our victory is assured.

"And as we look back, we see now, perhaps more clearly than ever, that we have our quarrel just. We are fighting still for liberty and for honour, and for these no sacrifice is too great. And those of us to whom the whole war means disillusionment and the shattering of some of our cherished ideals, and who look back with abhorrence and sickness of heart, as we enter upon another year of warfare, we are called to a great faith and a strong determina-

tion: a great faith that our God, who maketh even the wrath of man to praise Him, will somehow bring good even out of this great evil; and a strong determination that when this time of bloodshed is past we will strive unceasingly in season and out until the nations have decreed that, so far as international law can secure it, such a sanguinary struggle as this shall be for evermore impossible."

AN ANALYSIS OF THE DELUSION AND FRENZY WHICH LED TO THE GEORGIA HANGING.

An Atlanta correspondent of the New York Times writes:

"Three main elements enter into the feeling which brought about the lynching:

First—The thing to which Gov. Harris referred—the unfounded belief that the Jews of the country, hitherto not the object to any hostility or dislike, and banded themselves together to save a criminal because he belonged to their race and religion and had thus ranged themselves in opposition to men of other races and religions. Against this belief no argument was effective, no denial was listened to.

"Second—The bitter resentment over what everybody in Georgia to whom this correspondent has talked calls "outside interference," and this does not mean only the interference of the New York newspapers by a long shot, though Tom Watson has done his level best to make it appear that the New York newspapers are attempting to govern the state of Georgia. There is more resentment against Indianapolis, Chicago, and California than there is even against New York.

"Third—And this is the thing which turned the smoldering fire into a raging flame and maddened men who were merely angry—it is believed from one end of the state to the other that Gov. Slaton was Frank's lawyer, and pardoned his client after every court had upheld that client's conviction. The ignorant believe Slaton was bribed, or that at best he received, as Frank's lawyer, a share of the fee paid to his firm; the more intelligent believe that he was merely influenced in his judgment by the fact that Frank was his firm's client.

"Then there are lesser elements. One is of strong influence among the working classes. It made its appearance earlier than any of the other factors, and dates back to the time of Frank's trial. It was the belief that wealth weighed heavily in the balance of justice, and that a poor working girl's life was of no account compared with money.

"Another, and one of incalculable influence, was the appearance in the case of Detective William J. Burns. It is astonishing how that one thing brought things to a head; how it brought men hitherto incredulous of Frank's guilt, or doubtful, or indifferent, into the ranks of those clamoring for his blood, how it crystalized sentiment, and how it sharpened mere antagonism toward Frank into furious hatred. This was not due alone to Burn's employment by Frank's friends, which tended to increase both the feeling against "outside interference" and the belief that money was outweighing the life of a working girl; it was made tenfold more injurious to Frank by Burn's behavior here, every feature of which seemed expressly designed to foster and intensify a feeling already bitter enough because of his mere presence."

The Springfield Republican comments on the delusion as follows:

"It is the old story of "the best citizens" serving as the executioners that is now coming from the scene of the lynching of Frank in Georgia. The execution was orderly, solemn and the prisoner was duly asked if he had anything to say before the death sentence was inflicted upon him. The mob contained no 'riffraff'; everyone was sober. There have been many American lynchings which were conducted by the chief representatives of local respectability and if Marietta, Ga., comes in the same class one can see nothing novel in the fact. In the various 'sociological' investigations of this particular lynching which will be conducted in the next month much may be said about the high moral tone of the victim's executioners and their virtually religious belief that they merely enforced law after the governor had trampled upon it. Very likely a delusion like this controlled the mob; but the same delusion in effect controls all mobs. They set up themselves as a court superior to those authorized by the state and stoutly maintain their alleged right to execute their lawless decrees. More and more, as the Frank case is studied, one sees the sinister influence of anti-Semitic prejudice among a white people whose long contact with the Negroes makes them peculiarly sensitive to racial reactions. Their theology, moreover, is enough old-fashioned to place them easily under the influence of a fanatical Jew baiter such as Tom Watson has come to be."

A Georgian writes from St. Louis:

"Gov. Slaton was literally coerced by newspaper editorials, letters, telegrams and appeals into doing a scandalous thing.

"Of this you may be positive. At least 90 per cent of the people of Georgia approve of the lynching and the men who did it will never be convicted. We have shown the country how we regard the attempted rape of a 14-year-old girl and what we think of a governor who will interfere with the courts in punishing the man attempting it."

The motto on Georgia's seal is: "Wisdom, justice, Moderation." It begins to look as if the state of Georgia would have to alter her seal.

THE FRANK CASE AND THE JEWS.

Rabbi Price of Springfield, Massachussetts, wrote to the editor of The Springfield Republican in part as follows:

The lynching of Frank by an infuriated mob has aroused nation-wide comment, and one may venture to assert that every newspaper in the country, except a few Georgia publications, has condemned the lawlessnesss of the mob and admonished the state authorities of Georgia to prosecute the offenders. To the Jewish people of this country the matter is of special interest, for not only do they mourn the untimely death of a co-religionist, but they view with great concern the way in which American citizens have perverted justice in an outbreak of prejudice and race hatred.

It has always been the misfortune of the Jewish people to be treated collectively, not individually, for whenever one of them committed a crime the entire race was held responsible and had to pay the penalty. History therefore shows us that whenever a Hebrew was involved in a notorious lawsuit, the people of his race have always sought to defend him, for indirectly they were actually defending themselves.

When Frank was convicted for the alleged murder of Mary Phagan, the Hebrews of the United States felt that they were all destined to suffer the consequences. They

therefore instituted a lively propaganda in his defense, inducing many American citzens to write to ex-Gov. Slaton, asking him to change the death sentence to life imprisonment. The Hebrews were heartily joined by the press of the country, and their purpose was finally achieved. The Christian population of Georgia, utterly disappointed at the commutation of Frank's sentence, then boycotted the Jews, sending out circulars broadcast, asking the people not to patronize the Hebrews. The boycott was effective to a large extent, so that many wealthy Jewish merchants were reduced to sheer poverty and many innocent women and children were deprived of their daily bread.

After a short interval, the Gentiles realized their wrong in discriminating unjustly against the Jew, and peace was gradually being restored, but the lynching of Frank has again revived the mob spirit and rekindled the flame of race prejudice. The question now presents itself, "What shall the Jews of America do now?" I say this, "as citizens of this country they may contribute their aid in restoring justice in Georgia or in any other state, but as Jews, they shall not do anything." They must not make a Jewish issue out of it and thus force racial considerations to bear upon the matter. Every interference from outside Jews may tend to intensify the animosity that is already existing between Jews and Gentiles in the state of Georgia.

To have racial differences loom up in cases where law and justice are concerned is always wrong, for true justice knows no distinction between man and man. Nevertheless, the Jews of America were perfestly justified in their defense of Frank, for not only did they seek to vindicate the fair name of Israel, but they also endeavored to save the life of a man who was condemned to the gallows without having a fair trial. To save the life of an innocent man is a noble and sacred duty, and in such a case the end must necessarily justfy the means.

But Frank is dead now, he cannot be restored to life again. To start a revenge campaign along racial lines would be to heap wrong upon disgrace, besides, it would jeopardize the lives of thousands of Jews residing within the state of Georgia. If moral results can be obtained through agitation of any kind then let the entire American public, in alliance with the American press, express in the most vigourous terms, their feelings of indignation at the outrageous violence that has been committed and manifest their protest by calling for public demonstrations, by drawing resolutions, etc. When such protests will be forthcoming from the general public they will certainly not be spoken in defense of a wronged race, but in the name of justice and humanity.

It is the honor of the state of Georgia that has been assailed, let that state prosecute the offenders and deal with them in accordance with thelaw. If the state of Georgia is determined to mete out full punishment to the criminals, then there is no need of a Jewish interference, if, on the other hand, the state of Georgia deems it proper to drop the case, then not the Jews but American public opinion will force it to take action and to restore order and justice.

If, however, the state of Georgia will find itself unable to cope with the problem and will issue an appeal for assistance to the citizens of the United States, then the Jews will be justified in joining hands with their fellow-citizens and in rendering aid to the ill-fated state. Until then the Jews will best serve their interests and those of their Georgia brethren by adopting the watchful waiting policy and by bending every effort to avoid the possible creation of a racial strife.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

George Bernard Shaw says that the most patriotic action in the British Empire of late was the refusal of the Welsh miners to go on working for eighty cents a day.

An Indianapolis saloon keeper has installed a soda fountain alongside the bar. Perhaps he is beginning to prepare for the day not far distant when the saloon will be no more.

The Northwestern Christian Advocate says of the new book by the Rev. Dr. Jas. M. Campbell, "The Place of Prayer in the Christian Religion," that it "is a luminous and winsome treatise on a highly important subject."

The Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York, has been holding summer Sunday evening services on the roof of the parish house which adjoins the church. The roof-garden seats 275, and is beautifully decorated with plants and flowers.

An Idaho correspondent of the Herald and Presbyter writes: "It is gratifying to be able to state that the spirit of comity is gaining ground within the bounds of the Synod of Idaho. In some instances we have definite agreements as to the division of territory. More than half of our churches are in communities where no other denomination is at work. In many instances one minister has the care of several churches and preaching stations. Seventeen such fields are absolutely free from competition, and others are nearly so."

Resolutions calling for the extension of German frontiers as the result of the war were adopted by the executive committee of the national liberal party, which met at the Reichstag in Berlin last week. The resolutions made the following declaration: "The outcome of the present war can only be a peace which, by expanding our frontiers east, west and overseas, will protect us militarily, politically and economically against new attacks and compensate us for the enormous sacrifice which the German nation already has made and is determined to continue until a victorious conclusion." Complete confidence in Ernst Bannermann, leader of the national liberal party, was expressed in the resolutions, which announced that the party would stand solidly back of any government pursuing with unbending firmness the aims outlined in the resolutions, which were adopted with only two dissenting votes.

The solidarity of France in support of the war at the end of the first year is a notable fact, rendered the more remarkable by the resolute, uncompromising attitude of the powerful French socialist groups. Gustave Herve, whose aggressive pacifism used to be so conspicuous, now says: "If the kaiser's socialists have been counting on French socialists being taken in by their sheep's eyes and beginning to bleat for immediate peace, they have only to read the declaration voted unanimously by our socialist party with all its federations assembled. They will have their minds settled. Unanimously, the French socialist party gives them to know that it is for war, to the crushing of Austro-German militarism. Unless it were stricken with blindness, idiocy, or cowardice, our socialist party could not make any other answer to the indirect advances of the kaiser's socialists and of neutral socialists."

There are those who believe that Germany's next great move will be an attack on Italy, that nothing much can be gained by pushing on further into Russia. A correspondent

who has been studying the war writes from Switzerland: "If the Germans decide to punish the 'treason' of Italy, they will pour their conquering eastern legions through the Austrian Tyrol into the Trentino. The Italians have worked valiantly to plug up the passes through which such an invasion would burst into the artistic heart of the world, but the German guns and men who walked through Russia would not be easy to stop. The consequences of a successful invasion of Italy through the Trentino at present would be ruin, swift and terrible. Venice, Verona, Padua, Milan would fall like plums into German laps should this invasion succeed in occupying the line of the Adige river, advancing merely 50 miles beyond the Italian frontier. But this would not be the worst. The great Italian armies now operating along the Izonzo river would be trapped like rats by such an invasion, for they would be cut squarely off from their bases of supplies. Should they turn to flight, the Austrians would jump on their backs. Decidedly, it behooves Italy to look well to her Alpine passes until she learns which way the German cat is going to jump."

It has benn evident for some time that England greatly fears an invasion by Germany hazardous as it would be for the latter, and sturdy preparations have been made to meet it. A Switzerland correspondent of the Springfield Republican writes from Berne: "To conquer England is Germany's dearest wish, and the one most difficult to bring to pass. There are many who think that with the Russian menace removed Germany will turn upon England. Should such an attack succeed, the complete victory of Germany in this war would be practically certain. But the Germans know that to crush England the command of the North sea must be attained, for while it is possible that a sudden surprise raid could put two German corps on the east coast of Britain before Jellicoe could interfere, Kitchener has nearly 2,000,000 soldiers to send against the invaders. So greatly do the Germans despise the new British armies that they all are confident that four or five army corps, or a quarter of a million men at the outside, as a German staff officer remarked with a wave of his hand, could subdue England and dictate peace in London. But the high command knows that such a force could not be landed by surprise. The attack on England, therfore, demands naval co-operation, and the one plan of attack that is sound is for the German fleet to break out into the Atlantic and scatter, forcing Jellicoe for the very safety of the empire to give chase, and then come together as Von Spee's fleet gathered in the Pacific, return to the North sea, overwhelm the British ships left on guard, and escort loaded transports across before Jellicoe could return. This scheme, if it has a chance of success in German opinion, is likely to be tried some time, because it seems to be Germany's one chance for complete victory."

Some have too much, yet still do crave;
I little have, and seek no more;
They are but poor, though much they have,
And I am rich with little store:
They poor, I rich; they beg, I give;
They lack, I have; they pine, I live.
—Edward Dyer (Sixteenth century).

Whatever is best is safest; lies out of the reach of human power; can neither be given nor taken away.—Bolingbroke.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

Mr. Biederwolf comes this week to succeed B. Fay Mills in the tabernacle evangelistic meetings in this city.

The Rev. B. Fay Mills spoke in an interesting way to the ministers of San Francisco and vicinity last Monday.

The Rev. Dr. and Mrs. I. C. Meserve of Pasadena have been visiting friends hereabouts and attending the Exposition.

Arrangements have been made for the rebuilding of the churches at Sebastopol and Green Valley which were destroyed by fire recently.

From the little church news sent in to The Pacific during the last two months our judgment is that there has been great inactivity in our churches during the summer.

A report of the annual meeting of the Northern California Congregational Conference, which was held in San Francisco last Thursday, will appear in The Pacific next week.

The Editor of The Pacific was told that he would be furnished with the program of the Bay Association early this week. But nothing has come. It meets in Calvary Church, Oakland, on Tuesday, September 14th.

The Rev. E. A. King of Seattle has entered on the work of financial secretary for the Washington Congregational Conference. This is a new office, but one which in our judgment ought to be found of great value.

The Rev. Robert Walker will close his work among the Italians in this city the last of October. We wish that a pastorate would open up to him here so that he might remain. He is a good preacher and pastor and a valuable man for the fellowship.

About 200 persons attended the reception given last Thursday evening in the First Congregational Church to President Moore of the American Board and President King of Oberlin College. Of course, we had two excellent addresses and an enjoyable time throughout.

The Congregational Church at Stockton will celebrate its fiftieth anniversary this month. And the news comes that the celebration will not close until the church is free from debt. Nor will it take a whole summer to bring it about. It is already practically an accomplished fact.

This is the week for the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the Congregational Church at Hayward. Dr. Van Horn is to speak Friday evening. There will be a public reception that evening. Here is opportunity for a little fellowship. You can go from Oakland to Hayward in 45 minutes.

The Rev. and Mrs. L. P. Hitchcock of Pasadena are visiting friends in the bay region and are attending the Exposition. A reception was given them one night this week in the First Congregational Church of Alameda where Mr. Hitchcock was pastor a few years ago, and where he preached last Sunday morning.

The Rev. Dr. W. C. Kantner of Portland, Oregon, has accepted a call from Pilgrim Church of that city and has entered on the work. Dr. Kantner has been out of the

pastorate for several months and reenters now with renewed power on a work in which much success is to be expected from his always devoted efforts.

The Rev. H. B. Mowbray of San Bernardino was one of the speakers at the meeting of the Religious Education Association in Oakland last week. He spoke on "The Sunday School as a School of Life". Other Congregationalists on the program were: President King of Oberlin; President Thwing of Western Reserve University; Miss Margaret Slattery of Boston; Dr. Sidney Gulick of Japan; Professor Rugh of the University of California; and Miss Caroline Hazard, ex-President of Wellesley College.

The Home.

GOOD-MORNING!

Good-morning, Brother Sunshine;
Good-morning, Sister Song.
I beg your humble pardon
If you've waited very long.
I thought I heard you rapping;
To shut you out were sin.
My heart is standing open;
Won't you walk right in?

Good-morning, Brother Gladness;
Good-morning, Sister Smile.
They told me you were coming,
So I waited here a while.
I'm lonesome here without you;
A weary while it's been.
My heart is standing open,
Won't you walk right in?

Good-morning, Brother Kindness;
Good-morning, Sister Cheer.
I heard you were out calling,
So I waited for you here.
Some way I keep forgetting
I have to toil and spin
When you are my companions;
Won't you walk right in?

—J. W. Foley.

CLOUDS.

"That's my cloud!" said the Girl. She said it emphatically, one slim finger pointing in the direction of the sky. "That's my cloud."

The Boy followed the line of her finger, and saw a soft white billowy cloud—a little cloud, shaped like a pillow—that hung suspended in a dreaming sea of blue.

"Why?" he questioned lazily; "why did you choose that one?"

The Girl considered. In the interval a gentle breeze, a June-time breeze, swayed softly among the green branches, and a little bird, far off in the top of a tree, began to croon a song. All about them summer-time glowed, a perfect flower-sprinkled, sunshine-painted summer-time.

"I chose that one," the Girl answered finally, "I chose that one because it looked so comfortable."

The Boy glanced over thoughtfully at her face. It was a peaceful face, slightly tanned, a bit sunburned high on the cheekbones. Her eyes, which were strangely childish, looked straight off past the trees and the bird and the green leaves, to the little pillow-shaped cloud that nestled cozily in the sky. He sighed and pushed sharply against the ground with one rubbersoled shoe. The hammock rocked violently.

The Girl, startled out of her reverie, brought her eyes back to the things of earth. Her gaze roamed contentedly over the broad, green fields, restfully among the swaying green branches, and, finally, sought the Boy's gloomy face. Something in his expression made her laugh.

"Why don't you choose a cloud, too?" she asked him.

The Boy's face brightened a bit—maybe because a ray of sunshine slanting among the leaves happened to touch it gently with a golden-fingered caress.

"I guess I will," he assented graciously.

"There's another one," said the Girl; "that looks like mine." Interestedly she leaned forward. "You can have it," she told him.

The Boy looked up at another little pillow-shaped cloud that hung in the sky. With anxious, wrinkled forehead he surveyed the distance between the two. One hung in the extreme east, and the other tipped perilously off over the land of the setting sun. "That's a horrid cloud," he ventured finally. "I guess I won't choose that one."

The Girl opened wide blue eyes and gazed in his direction. "But," she stammered, "but it's just like mine. And," accusingly, "you liked mine—you said so!"

"Yours," admitted the Boy cheerfully, "is nice, but the one you picked for me is too far away from—everything I think I'll take that one." His brown finger pointed to a cloud that loomed up next to the Girl's soft little pillow-shaped one.

The Girl looked at the cloud, and her face puckered in an effort not to smile. "What a silly one to choose!" she giggled.

It was a silly cloud to choose, for its rugged little sides sloped up sharply to a dangerous-looking, pointed center. It was an unpleasant cloud, touched with bits of gray color, and jagged holes let particles of the sky show through.

"It's not a silly cloud," said the Boy indignantly; "not a bit silly. It has lots of advantages. It's convenient, and the gray color will save washing; it's odd (for who ever saw such a shape?), and it's the pointedest one in the sky. I like it very much. It's not silly."

"But," the Girl was giggling uncontrollably now, "how will you stay on?"

The Boy looked dubiously at the cloud and all at once a light broke over his face.

"Why," he said, "that will give me something to do—up there in the sky. It will relieve the monotony of things wonderfully."

The Girl spurned the ground impatiently with the toe of one slipper, and again the hammock bounded forward. "I don't understand exactly what you mean," she ventured.

"It's this way," said the Boy. His face wore the pleased expression of a man about to expound a theory. "It's this way," he said happily; "it would be too comfortable to live on a nice pillowy cloud all day long. I'd grow fat

and lazy lying there with nothing to do but stare up into the blue of the sky. I wouldn't have any interest in life. But"—his voice rose triumphantly—"but if I lived on a little jagged cloud that slanted up to a point, I'd have a constant struggle—just staying on. I'd never have time to grow lazy or fat or bored. If I was on the comfortable little pillow cloud, I'd have nothing to do all day but lie looking up at the blue above me, and I'd grow tired of the blue; but if I was struggling all the time to keep my foot-hold, every glimpse that I got, in a moment of quietness, would be new to me—and exceedingly beautiful. And, because I'd be very busy, I'd be very happy. See?" He stopped abruptly.

The Girl looked at him in fervent, albeit, silent admiration. The Girl is always interested in theories, and idealizing, and brave words. "Yes, I believe that I do understand," she said softly, "and I rather like you for it."

The Boy beamed. It was not often that he received such pointblank compliments. Almost nervously he pushed with his feet, and again the hammock began to swing. Alomst childishly he moved a little nearer to the Girl, who sat quiet as a piece of bisque statuary—lost in a dream.

"Thanks," said the Boy at last. He said it lamely.

The Girl did not hear him. At least she did not seem to hear him. Her eyes were fixed on the sky, and a soft breeze played in the tumbled strands of her hair. All about them were little rustling evening noises; the soft cuddling down of tiny birds, the faint mooing of a cow in the distance, the weary tramp of a horse coming home from work.

In the West the sun was setting like some glowing ball of fire. It sank slowly down behind a tall hill, and all the earth swam in a sea of violet and yellow and rose color. The little pillow-shaped cloud was tinged with a faint shell-pink, but the rugged cloud beside it was touched with the magic of a magician. The gray tints were supplanted by lovely throbbing purples and the sky showed mysteriously through the ragged holes. Crimson blended regally with orange and sharp corners took on artistic outlines. Unconsciously, perhaps, the Boy's hand touched the Girl's fingers.

"Isn't it beautiful?" she murmured softly.

The Boy was triumphant. "And," he said ungrammatically, "it's my cloud that's beautifulest, instead of your comfortable one."

The Girl showed unexpected Generosity.

"It is, indeed!" she said.

The Boy leaned a little nearer in the growing dusk. Some of the light was fading from the world, and it was dusky, mysterious, throbbing with a strange breath of romance.

"Wouldn't you like to share my cloud with me?" asked the Boy softly.

The Girl rose to her feet and smiled down at him, but there was the faintest tinge of mockery in her smile.

"I'm afraid," she murmured gently, "that I couldn't stay on."—Maraget E. Sangster, Jr in Christian Herald.

AUNT MARTHA'S VISIT.

Mrs. Holter was wiping the shining new glass and silver with the pretty new towels. Her niece, a bride of a month, was washing them and talking happily of her hopes and plans.

"I'm so thankful you stopped off, even if it's only for three days, auntie. There are lots of things I want to ask your advice about. Has my bread too much flour in it, or did it bake in too slow an oven? I only know that it is too hard. I am going to systematize all my work, with a task for each hour, and each task is to be completed in its hour. I think I—"

There was an imperative ring at the door-bell, and Eveline wiped her hands, took off her kitchen apron, and hurried to the door.

"It was only a messenger boy who wanted to be directed to Judge M's," she explained, upon her return, plunging her arms again into the dish-pan. "As I was saying, the only way to accomplish anything is to have a system. If that boy hadn't interrupted me, we'd have had these dishes done promptly at eight. From eight to nine, I make my dessert, prepare the vegetables and chop the meat; from nine to ten I must do chamber work. That gives me an hour for sowing and mending before I have to get luncheon, and immediately after luncheon is my study and reading hour. Don't you see what a fine plan it is, Aunt Martha?"

"Yes-es," agreed Mrs. Holter, "but what—"

She in her turn was interrupted by the door-bell, and Eveline hastened away to answer it, and this time she did not remove her apron. In half an hour she came back, with her face flushed uncomfortably.

"It was Mrs. Morrison, the secretary of the church guild. She apologized for coming so early, but said she had twenty calls to make to-day. She is lovely and I should have enjoyed seeing her if I hadn't felt sure that the clock wouldn't strike nine before I had that dessert made. Now I must fly round."

She "flew around" to such purpose that a pudding was well under way before there came a hesitating knock at the side door. She threw open the door with a floury hand and resolutely faced a shrinking little Armenian peddler.

"No," she said firmly before he had time to utter a word, "I don't want a thing, and I haven't a moment to give you. Good morning!"

"I shan't get a thing done at this rate!" she exclaimed, impatiently, while a little frown deepened between her eyes. "There's the telephone bell now, and my cleaning hour half-gone!"

"The motor at one?" she repeated, with her ear at the receiver and her eye on the clock. "O Robert, I can't possibly! I'm sorry, but you know, that is my study hour, and my system has been fearfully upset already. I'm sorry. Good-bye!"

She turned round from the receiver and took up a broom with a nervous hand. "O dear, Aunt Martha. There are so many interruptions! But I must not allow pleasure to interfere with duty."

Mrs. Holter looked steadily into her niece's troubled brown eyes.

"Sometimes, dear, pleasure is duty. If Robert has planned an hour out in the beautiful country for your pleasure and his, you ought to go. No house can be run without 'system,' but it must be an elastic system that allows plenty of room for interruptions. Life is made up largely of interruptions—we must plan for them. Often they are the best things that come to us in all the day's course. Don't plan the first of the week all the work you must get through with by Saturday night, and then run breathlessly through all the long lovely days, trying in vain to catch up with your task. Forgive me,

dear, but I want you to construct your system of rubber, not of cast iron."

She had no time to say more or to judge the effect of what she had said, for the door-bell jingled again, and her niece obeyed its summons.

"Come right in and sit down," she heard Eveline say, kindly. You look tired, and I'm going to make you a cup of tea. Here is a dear old lady, Aunt Martha, who is selling cement. I need some of that for the jelly fish Rob broke. I'll put the kettle on the gas stove, and then if you'll excuse me a moment, I want to telephone to Robert."

It's I, Robert," she called. "I want to say that Aunt Martha and I have reconsidered, and accept your invitation for one o'clock with much pleasure. A quarter to one? All right, if the luncheon dishes aren't done. I don' ever intend to miss an outing with Bobbie, dear. That's all. Good-bye!"

—The Churchman.

For The Children.

A BIG WORD.

"Do you know your reading lesson. Tommy?" Aunt Felicia inquired as her nephew came into the parlor from the nursery, where he had been preparing his next day's school work.

"Yes'm; all but one big word, which I cannot pronounce. It's the biggest word I've had. Why, it has five syllables!" the young student complained.

"Spell it," Aunt Felicia suggested.

And Tommy read slowly from his open book; "O-p op, p-o-r por, t-u tu, n-i ni, t-y ty."

"Yes, that is a very big word," Aunt Felicia agreed thoughtfully: "one of the bigest words we meet in life; but, unlike other big things, the easiest to lose and the hardest to find when once lost."

"What does it mean?" Tommy asked interestingly.

"Your question is very hard," Aunt Felicia answered after a silence; "but I should say that an opportunity is an occasion or chance given us for accomplishment."

"Yes'm," Tommy replied vaguely; and just then a whistle sounded clearly beyond the open window, and he ran out to greet his chum, Dick Dale.

The next afternoon Tommy came home from school looking very solemn. This was most unusual, as the lad was accustomed to running in merrily, eager for his lunch and play.

"You're not ill, are you, my dear?" Aunt Felicia inquired anxiously.

"No'm; I'm just sorry," Tommy answered in his funny little way.

"Sorry about what?" came the question.

" 'Cause I missed a word and didn't get to go to the top of the spelling class," Tommy replied.

"But I thought you knew every word perfectly. You spelled them all correctly when I heard your lesson this morning," Aunt Felicia observed.

"Yes'm, I did know every word and could spell 'em as fast as you'd call 'em," the student replied gravely; "but, you see, I was looking out the window watching a boy fly a kite when teacher gave the word out, and I didn't hear. She was away off from me, and I didn't think all those in front of me would miss it; but it was the hardest word we've had—that one I was telling you about yesterday, you know—and everybody missed it till it got to Sam Pratt, and he trapped us all clean to the top of the class and got a head mark. I was leading the class, you know; but that head mark put Sam up with me, and there wasn't any use of my missing it, either, for I knew it well, only I didn't hear teacher when she called the word."

"It was 'opportunity,' wasn't it?" Aunt Felicia asked thoughtfully. "And you lost it. Now do you understand what the word means? It means just what you lost by inattention. It is a very big word and plays a most important part in everybody's life. It calls to us all; but if we do not answer before it's gone, we lose it, and then we feel sorry, just as you are feeling this afternoon."

"Oh, yes'm, I believe I know what it means now! And I don't believe I'll ever forget it," Tommy replied after thoughtful silence.

"Then you've learned one of the finest lessons of all," Aunt Felicia said. " 'Opportunity' is indeed a big word."

—Christian Observer.

A BEAUTIFUL SECRET.

Visiting a great factory, one day, I went through a room where young girls were fastening hooks and eyes upon cardboard. Their fingers fairly flew!

Among them I noticed an old woman, busy at the same work. Her fingers were crooked and worn by hard work. I knew she could not pace with the nimble young fingers about her; and I wondered why she was there. I think you, too, would like to know.

Months before, she came begging for work. She sadly needed it, for she had a sick husband to support. Seeing the girls at their work, she said she could do what they were doing. The superintendent knew that she would be awkward and slow; and he tried to discourage her. But she begged for a chance; so he gave her a place at the long bench with the girls. It was slow work; and as she was paid by the piece, she could earn but a little. Yet she persevered. And after a while her pile of finished work began to grow strangely fast. There was a beautiful secret about it!

Some of the girls, pitying her, were slipping some of their cards onto her pile; and it was wonderful how they enjoyed seeing it grow. Of course her pay increased. Soon she was receiving almost as much as the others, and she was able to keep her little home in comfort. When Christmas came, the girls gave her a purse with $20 in it. "Is all this mine?" she said. "I never had so much money in my life!"

The story made me think of that verse, "Bear ye one other's burden."—Frank T. Bayley.

CHILDREN AH PACIFIC B Monday Ngt ONE

WHISTLING HELPED.

Edgar's mother was not very strong. They could not afford a servant, and, anyway, she thought that boys should learn to do some things about the house. Now and then she called on Edgar to set the table, or wash the dishes. One evening when she was not feeling well and was especially tired, she said as she arose from the table, "I have washed the dishes twice to-day. I wonder if my small son could wash them once?"

Now Edgar was just planning to have a delightful play with his Maltese kitty. He did not relish the idea of giving up something he liked for something he disliked, but very slowly he managed to say that he guessed he could try.

Mother went into the living room and seated herself in a comfortable rocker, to enjoy a much-needed rest. Presently a very whiny voice called from the kitchen, "Mother, do you want me to wash this old toast pan?"

Now Edgar was very fond of milk toast, but eating the toast and washing the pan in which it was made were two very different things.

"Yes," replied his mother, "but there is something else which I want you to do even more than that."

Of course Edgar wished to know what it was.

"Take the whine out of that sweet voice of yours," said mother.

" 'Peak like oo do when oo laugh," piped up little Dorothy, from her stool at mother's feet.

"Yes," added mother, "if you speak as you do when you laugh your voice will have a silvery tinkle which we all love to hear. Dorothy has told you the way exactly."

"Thank you Dot," said Edgar, "that reminds me of a tiny poem I read to-day— 'It is better to whistle than whine.' So here goes;" and he at once began to whistle a merry tune.

After that it was surprising how easily and nearly the dishwashing went on. Soon the dreaded toast pan even was as clean and dry and shiny as any dishwsher could make it. He was through in time to have a good romp with the kitty after all.

SHE DIDN'T EXCUSE HERSELF.

Little Mary Lou was eager to get back to her new doll and didn't know there was going to be any dessert. She slipped quietly from her chair, hoping she would not be observed.

Out in the hall she met the cook with the ice cream, and as quietly as she had left it she slipped back to her accustomed place at the table.

"Mary Lou," said her mother reprovingly, "I thought you had finished your dinner. It isn't polite to come back."

"But I didn't excuse myself, mother," the little girl said quickly.—Exchange.

LOOK AHEAD.

A little girl named Hilda and her mother stood one cold winter morning looking out upon the landscape, in which everything was covered with an icy armor that sparkled with glittering beauty in the sunshine.

"O, how beautiful!" exclaimed Hilda.

"Yes," answered her mother, "but it will be all gone before noon time."

The little girl was quiet for a moment as she gazed upon the fairy-like scene that lay stretched out before her. Then she looked up and said brightly, "Never mind, mother; there'll be something else beautiful to-morrow." —Christian Intelligencer.

Tennyson was walking one day in his garden with a friend. The conversation turned to the subject of religion—a subject upon which Lord Tennyson was inclined to be very reticent. The friend asked him what he thought of Jesus Christ. The poet paused, pointed to a flower that grew by the path, and said, "What the sun is to that flower, Jesus Christ is to my soul." It was a beautiful answer. What the sun is to the flower, Christ is to the soul that trusts in him. He is its light and its life.

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